It is no bruit beast thou wouldst reave of life;
(Oh man unhappy) thou hast slaine thy wife?
Oh Heaven she cries, Oh helpe me I am slaine,
Still doth thy Arrow in my wound remaine,
Yet though by timelesse Fate my bones here lie,
It glads me most, that I, no Cuck-queane die:
Her breath (thus in the Armes she most affected,)
She breaths into the Ayre (before suspected
The whilst he lifts her body from the ground,
And with his teares doth wash her bleeding wound.

Cupids Treacherie.

CVpid laid by his brand and fell asleepe,
A maide of *Dyans* this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steepe
In a cold vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love,
A dateless lively heate still to endure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,
Against strange malladies a soveraigne cure:
But at my mistres eye loves brand new fired,
Thy boy for triall needes would touch my breast,
I sicke with all the helpe of bath desired,
And thether hyed a sad distempered guest.
But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where *Cupid* got new fire; my mistres eyes.
The little Love-God lying once a sleepe,
Laid by his side his heart in flaming brand,

Whilst many Nymphes that vow'd chast l
Came tripping by, but in her maiden han
The faireſt votary tooke up that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had
And so the Generall of hot desire,
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a coole Well
Which from loves fire tooke heat perpetua
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseas'd, but I my Mistresse thrall
Came there for cure, and this by that I
Loves fire heates water, water cooles no

That Menelaus was cause of his owne wrongs.

WHen *Menelaus* from his house is gone,
Poore *Hellen* is affraid to lie alone;
And to allay these feares (lodg'd in her bre
In her warme bosome she receives her gueſt
What madnesse was this? *Menelaus*, say
Thou art abroad whilst in thy house doth
Vnder the selfe-same roofe, thy Gueſt, and I
Mad-man unto the Hawke thou trusts the I
And who but such a Gull, would give to ke
Vnto the Mountaine Woose full folds of Sh
Hellen is blameleſſe, so is *Paris* too,
And did what thou, or I my selfe would doe.

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